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NOTES ON THE SCIENCE AND ART OF TEACHING.

EDUCATION AND EDUCATORS.—Mere knowledge is not education, but the latter includes the former. To teach is not to educate, but to educate is to teach. The two terms are far from being synonymous. To *teach* means "to cram in," and to *educate* means "to draw out" or to lead forth. The term education is derived from *a* or *ex* (out) and *duco* (to lead,) and in the sense in which we use it signifies the expanding, unfolding, training, and strengthening of all the human powers. True education excites the mind to thirst after knowledge, whilst it endows our faculties with strength to acquire sufficient supplies of mental food. Being, at the same time, a cause and an effect, it strengthens and enlarges the intellectual capacities, whilst it cultivates, elevates, and refines all the feelings of the human heart. The best Educator is not the man who can "cram in" the most information, but he who can most successfully stir up or inspire the human mind to think, observe, reflect, combine, analyze, and execute without doing any of these things for it—he who can thoroughly discipline the mental faculties and thereby enable his pupils to educate themselves.

A Perfect Man.—Man was designed by the Creator to be "perfect after his kind;" and this truth has reference to his

physical, mental, and moral natures. It does not refer to one only, but to the three together:—to the body, the mind, and the heart. That being alone is “a perfect man” who possesses a benevolent heart, a vigorous mind, and a healthy body. Education implies cultivation in these three departments, and not in one only as many people imagine. Nature and experience inform us that the moral, physical, and intellectual powers should be cultivated and developed in unison, otherwise the education will be defective. The teacher who would attempt to cultivate one of these to the exclusion of the others, would have but very incorrect ideas of his work and of the success which should attend a certain amount of labor.

First Principle of Education.—As regards the order of sequence, we would be inclined to affirm that the first and grandest principle of all good sound education is that *more attention should be paid to the formation of character* than to mere expertness in the literary branches of learning; and the second is like unto it—namely, that far more emphasis should be laid on *the right cultivation of the feelings of the heart* and development of the mental faculties, than on the mere acquisition of knowledge. Every act of the teacher (as a teacher,) should have a tendency to stir up, strengthen, and develop these feelings and faculties; and the judicious use by him of all available means for that purpose, is not only legal and right, but obligatory. Having this object in view, the teacher's first effort must be to win his pupil's love. Should he thoroughly understand his work and be a good judge of human nature, he will have no difficulty in doing this, otherwise time and continued effort will be necessary.

Characteristics.—Good rules and regulations, and the due observance of commendable habits and customs have more to do with the success of a school than many people ever suspect. Punctuality is one of the most essential and important habits of a school. Every teacher should, in his own person, be a bright example of this virtue, and never should he fail to insist on its observance by his pupils. Children, at home and abroad, should be encouraged to love their own particular schools, and to revere their own particular teachers, preferring them to all others. Want of zeal in maintaining

the honor of the school is a sure sign that the pupil does not stand very high in his classes, and that he is deficient in laudable ambition. Every pupil in a school should be ambitious of adding to its glory—endeavoring by all means to make it superior to its rival institutes—each and all remembering that its prestige depends on individual effort. Should the pupils do so faithfully and well, in after years they will look back with pride on the school of their early days, and ever fondly remember the teachers and guides of their youthful hearts. These principles are far removed from vanity or bigotry—they are honest and commendable feelings, such as will ever tend to foster the eternal spirit of nationality, liberty, and patriotism.

Necessity of Good Order.—It has been well said that “order is Heaven’s first law.” At all events, we are well assured, that order has always been, and ever will be, the faithful hand-maid of the Creator. The present and past declare that nature knows no chaos. Nature and history affirm that where there is no order there can be no progress. This is true of nations, of armies, of societies, public meetings, and public schools. Order is one of the primary essentials to success in any line of life, and especially to success in teaching. No order, no progress,—such is the universal law. The observance and enforcement of good order in school, curbs the lawless propensities of youthful hearts, civilizes their animal tendencies, and, by obliging them to conform to its conditions—conditions naturally repugnant to their will—it day by day strengthens the power of mind over matter, facilitates all mental acquirements, and endows every individual with the graces of self-control. By its aid, those accomplishments and qualities which at first were foreign, becomes customary and eventually habitual—that is, personal characteristics. Laxity of order is sure to nullify the good intentions of both teachers and parents.

Neatness.—Neatness is also a primary essential in school teaching; and the teacher should always look upon it as a “cardinal virtue.” He should insist on its practice by his pupils, and exhibit it in his own person. The school-room should also be characteristic of this virtue. The furniture and everything connected with the school should bear evi-

dences of refined taste and artistic skill in their arrangement. A large, airy, well furnished, well arranged, comfortable school, enlarges the perceptive faculties, captivates the heart, generates cheerful emotions, fosters taste, and has a special tendency to render the minds of children susceptible to noble precepts. Broken windows, broken desks, lame seats, wet walls, and rooms too cold or too hot, have a contrary effect. The quality of the building and furniture has a most powerful effect on the mind and body of the teacher and the taught. How can a sweet little child like to spend five or six hours every day in a building which has a repulsive exterior and a cheerless interior? It would be strange indeed if children did not regard such schools as men regard bastiles or asylums; or as sheep would regard "the shambles" were they endowed with reason. *Bright outside, and bright inside*—such is the school which children love. Again we say, the building should be a handsome one—cheerful looking outside, interesting and attractive inside, a model of neatness, exhibiting artistic taste in all its arrangements.

Brevity should be one of the characteristics of the teacher's manner. Instead of defining, explaining, and repeating laws and principles to his pupils, he should lead them by a few appropriate questions to define, explain, or repeat to him. In this manner he will guide them to discover laws and principles of things for themselves. Knowledge acquired by them in this way becomes part of their being and will never be forgotten; whereas, that imparted by the "telling process" will evaporate and leave not a trace behind. Ideas should never be covered with a multitude of words. Each thought, or principle, should be expressed clearly and fully, but yet as laconically as possible. More than is absolutely necessary should not be said on any subject; for, as Kossuth well observed, "an unnecessary word is a word too much."

Manner.—A quiet gentlemanly (or lady-like) behavior and unassuming manner should be the leading characteristics of boys (and girls) in school. Each should possess a business-like air, and a genial calm should reign in the respective departments during business hours. No conversation should

be tolerated at the desks, nor should one pupil be allowed to interrupt another during recitation, nor indeed at any other time. Each pupil should do his work—the teacher should never do it for him, as many do, through mistaken kindness. Pupils must be made to understand that each and all have a duty to perform, and that it must be done. The teacher should give more assistance to children of the lower forms than to those of the upper. The latter are generally able to help themselves, and require little which a few judicious questions will not lead them to discover; whereas, the former may often need assistance of a more minute and substantial nature. But, as a rule, each pupil should be taught to rely chiefly on himself; babes or invalids are the only individuals fed with a spoon. Self-reliance, perseverance, and industry should be practiced by all.

The habits acquired in school, are those which, in all likelihood, will characterize pupils in after life. How anxiously should we therefore endeavor to guide and fashion them so that they may be a blessing and not a curse, such as may be admired by men and commended by God! The habits of the school, like so many magnetized needles, indicate what the prestige of the nation will be in days to come, and in addition are characteristic of the habits of the adults of the present generation. The germs of the foregoing habits, qualities, and principles are born with the child, or instilled into his mind in the days of infancy. When he comes under the supervision of the public tutor they are still in a crude state, and the teacher should always endeavor to develop and cultivate them to the utmost capacity; so that at the latter day the JUDGE of all the earth may say unto him:—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

G. V. LEVAUX.

A RESIDENT of Kalamazoo writes to a "school boarded" in Ohio that he will take a school, as he has "taught 2 terms school & I attended Colledge 4 yrs at detroit michigan and am 26 yrs avage!"

ELOCUTION.

LET one consider for a moment how important to a public man's success in life an early, scientific and thorough rhetorical training must be, especially in such a proverbially speech-making nation as we are, and it will strike him at first as remarkable and almost unaccountable that this branch of education should have fallen into such utter neglect in our schools, or should be taught so imperfectly and incorrectly in the few where it is taught at all. In nearly all of our common schools no attention whatever is paid to it, while in most of our high schools the word *declamation* is made to cover the whole subject. A pretence is made of teaching it "after a fashion," but on a system radically wrong, or upon no system at all; and in such an insufficient and incorrect manner that the influence of such *instruction* (if I may dignify it by that title) upon the pupil is more hurtful than beneficial. I state it as my candid opinion, founded upon experience, that the system of instruction in declamation pursued in most of our higher schools and colleges is not only comparatively useless, but positively injurious, and that entire neglect would be preferable.

Here is a specimen of the "system of instruction" (?) which is followed in many, almost all, of our high schools; and I can call upon any teacher in New England to say whether or not it is exaggerated or incorrect.—Upon a certain day a boy is informed by the master that on the following Wednesday he must be prepared to "speak a piece." He is then left to shift for himself until that time and to choose a piece without aid or advice; and generally succeeds in making a selection which is about as appropriate for the stage as a sheriff's writ, or Watts' Cradle Song. This he commits to memory as well as he is able, meanwhile bewailing his sad fate that one of his age should be obliged to speak in public on the stage, "wondering what good it does to speak pieces," and looking forward to that dreaded Wednesday with something like the anticipation of a condemned criminal. At last the day arrives. All the scholars are gathered in the school-room. An ominous expectant silence

falls upon them all, as though they were about to witness the execution of a malefactor. All the circumstances and associations of the time and place are such as to terrify and dishearten our hero, who sits quaking and conscious of an intense desire to sink through the floor, out of sight forever, when he hears the awful voice of the master calling his name. Then he starts up desperately, terrified and bewildered, and conscious of only one thing, that all eyes are upon him. He can *feel* them staring at him. He stumbles upon the stage, ducks his head spasmodically, casts his eyes up to the ceiling or down to his feet, and, alternately flushing and paling, begins to mumble his "piece," meanwhile employing his hands in energetically twisting the outside seams of his trousers, or now and then applying one convulsively to his mouth to cover a hysterical giggle. At last he says the final word, gets himself off the stage, he has no idea how, flops down into his seat with a sigh of relief that *that* trial is over, and is ready to grin at the next victim. And the teacher with righteous self-satisfaction esteems *his* duty done with *that* boy, and will complacently tell you that such an experience will give a boy "confidence." *Confidence*, indeed! It would be a soothing sarcasm, and a brilliant bit of poetical justice to give such a teacher a "half a dozen" well laid on with a beach seal, and then ask him if *that* experience does not give *him* "confidence."

Now go into our churches, our legislative halls, our lecture rooms, and public gatherings of every kind, and you will witness the legitimate results of such a course of instruction. Show me a good public speaker, one devoid of glaring eccentricities and peculiarities of speech and gesture, possessing the five great attributes of genuine expression in attitude and action named by Prof. Russell in his analysis of this subject, viz.: "truth, firmness, force, freedom, and propriety," one who is comparatively perfect in pronunciation, clear in articulation, and graceful in gesture, and I will show you a white crow. They are just about as plentiful. A quotation from Dr. Rush will be here appropriate:

"Go to some, may I say all, of our colleges and universities, and observe how the art of speaking is *not* taught. See a boy of but fifteen years sent upon the stage, pale, and choking with apprehension in an attempt to do that, without instruction, which he came purposely

to learn ; and furnishing amusement to his class-mates by a pardonable awkwardness, which should be punished in the person of his pretending but neglectful preceptor with little less than scourging. Then visit a conservatoire of music, observe there the orderly tasks, the masterly discipline, the unwearied superintendence, and the incessant toil to produce accomplishment of voice ; and afterwards do not be surprised that the pulpit, senate, bar, and the chair of the medical professorship, are filled with such abominable drawlers, mouthers, mumblers, clatterers, squeakers, chanters, and mongers in monotony ; nor that the schools of singing are constantly sending abroad those great instances of vocal wonder, who draw forth the intelligent curiosity and produce the crowning delight and approbation of the prince and the sage."

If a person can be found who will deny that a correct and finished elocutionary training is not a desirable and important accomplishment, "then him have I offended." "It is the crowning grace of a liberal elocution." There is no one thing that conduces more to the success of a teacher than a good elocutionary culture.

Now let us consider some of the causes of this neglect of elocution in modern education, and the reasons why it is taught so incorrectly and imperfectly when taught at all. In the first place the teachers will tell you that in their opinion the science of elocutionary instruction is impracticable and useless, from its being needlessly intricate and elaborate ; and will quote the oft repeated lines,

"For all a rhetorician's rules,
Teach nothing but to name his tools,"

and apply them to elocution. Now I submit that the application of these lines to elocution or rhetoric, *especially*, is unfair. They will apply just as appropriately to nearly every other science. One of the most difficult things to master in the whole range of some of the arts and sciences is their vocabulary ; then why deny an adequate and efficient vocabulary to the very important science under consideration ? Some discouraged groper among the natural sciences once defined botany as "a vocabulary of scientific terms without any application." Strip geology and medicine of their vocabularies, and you would have the play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted. Let the carpenter forget that any of his tools ever had a name, and then endeavor to teach an ap-

prentice. Persons who make this criticism would seemingly reduce us all to the condition of the lady who thus perspicuously explained to her daughter the working of the engine of a steamboat: "It is simple enough. You see this what-you-call-em comes up through that what's-i-name and fastens on that thingumy; then the engineer pulls that thingumbob which is fastened to the skewdangle, and that turns the what-you-call-ems and the boat moves." Nor is this criticism in reality a perfectly just one, and a person making it betrays his ignorance of the science of elocution. I have always observed that those who are most skeptical as to the possibilities of elocutionary culture, are invariably those who are themselves unskilful teachers in this branch; and if they will take the trouble to inform themselves they will find that the system of elocution devised, abridged and perfected by Rush, Murdock, Russell, Munroe and other eminent elocutionists, is neither cumbersome, intricate nor useless; but on the contrary, is simple, easily mastered and *effective*.

"But," says the man who objects to spending any of the precious school hours upon elocutionary instruction, "*Ora-
tor nascitur non fit*. If the boy is born to be an orator he will be one, all circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding; and if he is not 'born with it in him' to become an orator, all your elocutionary drill, and instruction and discipline, cannot make him one." This is the argument against elocution most difficult to refute, because it is slightly tintured with truth.

A lie which is all a lie, may be met and fought with outright;
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

To persons making this objection I would say, that I do not propose to assert that by teaching elocution more thoroughly and systematically in our schools, we shall be able to fashion out of every gawky lad a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Pitt, or a Webster; any more than by teaching mathematics to a class of boys we shall be able to make each one a Newton, a Pascal, or a La Place. The teacher who instructs a number of boys in arithmetic does not of course expect that each one by means of this instruction is to become a famous mathematician; but if there is one of the number who has a natural inclination toward "the dry

science," the teaching will foster this tendency, and help him on in the path to distinction in his chosen study. So in elocution. If a boy possesses the natural qualifications for a great orator, united with a desire and determination to become one, then elocutionary culture, thorough, systematic, and conducted upon correct principles, is needed to encourage this innate tendency, draw forth and perfect his latent powers, and assist in making him the eloquent and impressive speaker he can become. If, on the other hand he is awkward and ungainly upon the stage, defective in articulation and pronunciation, weak in lungs, and devoid of any ambition or desire to become an eminent public speaker, then so much the more does he stand in need of patient, unwearied, continuous, and correct instruction and drill in elocution; that he may become at least an endurable speaker, and not disgrace himself and weary and disgust his hearers, should he ever find it necessary to address a meeting of any kind, as what man does not find it necessary some time in his life? And by accomplishing this result the teacher may lay the flattering unction to his soul, that he has perhaps lessened the number of public bores by one.

DON OLAND.

(Concluded next month.)

SENSIBLE PROGRESS.

THE next Triennial Catalogue of Dartmouth College, is to appear in English instead of Latin, as heretofore. This is really a sensible move on the part of the Trustees; and we trust it will be so regarded and acted upon by our College Trustees generally. We know no good reason why triennial any more than annual catalogues should be printed in Latin; and we hope this piece of pedantry, which has come down to us from European colleges of former centuries, will soon be abolished. Another sensible step in the same direction would be to have Salutatory and Greek orations in English; or, if they must be in some foreign language, in French, German, or some other *living* language, so that a portion, if not all, of the auditors may judge some-

thing respecting the speaker's attainments therein, and not in a dead language, which, if not incomprehensible to all, may be given forth as a mere parrot utterance, and afford no idea whatever of the student's proficiency or real knowledge of the speech he is using.

These Latin salutatory orations always remind us of the case of a clergyman friend of ours. Several years ago, when he was about to be examined for licensure as a minister of the Gospel, he was appointed to prepare, among other things, an essay in Latin on the Divinity of Christ. With the aid of his Latin Grammar and Lexicon, he succeeded in turning his thoughts, after having embodied them in English, into a kind of dialect, the latinity of which he was satisfied was anything but Ciceronian. With many fears and much trembling, he appeared, on the appointed day and in due time, with his essay. For five minutes, his "grave and reverend seniors" seemed to listen; and when they came to pass judgment, to his surprise they pronounced the essay "excellent Latin," while he himself knew that, in the nature of things, it was impossible it should be even tolerable. He acknowledged to a feeling of disgust and mortification at the thought that he had given so much time and anxiety to the preparation of an essay for judges who showed themselves even less capable than himself of distinguishing between patois and good Latin. So our College Salutatorians might feel, if they realized how rusty or otherwise incapable of judging their auditors were—excepting, of course, and always, the professor of Greek and Latin at their elbow.

S. W. W.

A SAN FRANCISCO school teacher received the following note from the "ostensible" parent of one of his pupils—"I hope, as to my John, you will flog him just as offen as you kin. Heas a bad boy—is John. Altho I've bin in the habit of teachin him miself, it seems to me he will never larn anithing—his spellen is ottragously defishent. Wallop him well, ser, and you will receiv my thanks."

POPULAR EDUCATION.

A CERTAIN class of philosophic theorists maintain with great pertinacity that Government has no more right to undertake to provide for primary education than it has to find pork, food, and clothing for its citizens. Like many other abstract conclusions based upon the existence of an ideally perfect state of society, this is one which the practical sense of modern communities has made very short work of. In fact, so fully impressed are the great majority of educational reformers all over the world with the necessity for State control over popular education, that they are nearly united in the opinion that in supplying the means of tuition, Government only fulfills half a duty which can only be adequately completed by enacting legal penalties against the neglect of these means. The only two nations in the world who possess a comprehensive scheme of popular education, into which the compulsory element does not enter, are England and the United States. The Free School law removed the last existing barrier to the general usefulness of our public schools. After three years' experience of its highly beneficial operation, it has become clear to nearly every one conversant with the subject, that in order to reap all the advantages we are entitled to expect from our liberal provision for popular education, we must deny to any parent the liberty of allowing his children to grow up in ignorance. The latest report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction teems with recommendations from District Commissioners on the subject of compulsory education. In some cases they are cautious and tentative, like the following: "There seems to be a feeling in favor of conferring upon trustees some power, at least, to compel attendance. I can see no reason why some discretion might not be given them on this subject." In others they are decided and conclusive: "There is justice in the demand made at this time by the property-holders. They say, try the force of law, and compel attendance, that society, as a whole, may be benefited by the privileges furnished by making the schools free." Or, again: "I, for one, hope to

see, before long, some form of enactment which shall compel general education. I have found, where I least looked for it, a sentiment that said, 'We are taxed to educate the people; let us make sure that they are educated.'

It is instructive to find the same subject occupying the attention of the lately elected School Board of the English metropolis at the very outset of their labors. The new English Education bill invests a discretionary power in local Boards to enact a compulsory clause, should they have a majority of rate-payers in its favor. The London School Board includes among its members ladies, clergymen of the State Church and of dissenting bodies, members of Parliament, and artisans. A curious unanimity appears to prevail among representatives, so diverse in other respects, on the subject of the "absolute necessity" of compulsion, under a form more or less modified, being applied to the class of children who could not be induced to accept the advantages of education voluntarily. A workingman was the most decided advocate of the step, and this speaker "urged the Board not to treat the matter so gingerly as they had been doing, and not to begin at the wrong end by dealing with the cases of the younger children first. The body of artisans would willingly agree even to an increased burden of taxation if this system could be undertaken, and the education of their class improved in the next generation. Compulsion would in future be the rule, and the result would be a great improvement in the social condition of the country." The ultimate decision of the Board was a resolution to the effect that it "desired to affirm the necessity of enforcing attendance at school in accordance with the provision of the act, such enforcement to be carried out under such limitations and regulations as shall hereafter be approved by the Board." New York has at present a very much smaller per centage of ignorance among its juvenile population to deal with than London. But no one familiar with the great irregularities in our school attendance, revealed in the low daily average, as compared with the total of the registers, can fail to see that much of our tuition is necessarily of the most inadequate kind. Side by side with, say one-tenth of our city children, growing up in absolute ignorance, there are at

least other two-tenths only one step removed from it. Some such resolution as that adopted in London will, sooner or later, be forced upon us.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S WIFE.

WOMEN have just as keen intelligence as men; less power, may-be, of abstract reasoning; but far finer perceptive and linguistic faculties. They need not be trained to exhaustive scholarship; but refinement of mental culture suits them, perhaps, even more than it does our own sex.

I imagine that the Lady Jane, who read her Phædo when the horn was calling, had as pretty a mouse-face as you ever saw in a dream; and I am sure that gentle girl was a better scholar than any lad of seventeen is now in any school of England or Scotland.

And once upon a time, reader—a long, long while ago—I knew a schoolmaster; and that schoolmaster had a wife. And she was young, and fair, and learned; like that princess-pupil of old Ascham; fair and learned as Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother. And her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, reader: an excellent thing in woman. And her fingers were quick at needle-work and nimble in all a housewife's cunning. And she could draw sweet music from the ivory board; and sweeter, stranger music from the dull life of her schoolmaster husband. And she was slow of heart to understand mischief, but her feet ran swift to do good. And she was simple with the simplicity of girlhood, and wise with the wisdom that cometh only of the Lord—cometh only to the children of the Kingdom.

And her sweet, young life was as a morning hymn, sung by child-voices to rich organ-music. Time shall throw his dart at Death, ere Death has slain such another.

For she died, reader, a long, long while ago. And I stood once by her grave; her green grave, not far from dear Dunedin. Died, reader, for all she was so fair and young, and learned, and simple, and good.

And I am told it made a great difference to that schoolmaster.—*Day-Dreams of a Schoolmaster.*

THE SONS OF PESTALOZZI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL GUTZKOW.

CHAPTER X.

FOR a short distance only did Wülfig and the schulze pursue the same road. While they were thus walking together, Wülfig questioned his friend, whether Bartel had paid his taxes.

"To the last farthing," answered the other, "which is all the more wonderful, because the very best people are still in arrears."

"But how in the world does he get his money?" asked the forester, "I never find him at any place where masons are working, and I am walking about everywhere in the country, you know. But whenever I pass a tavern, I am almost sure to see him hanging about."

"Why," said the schulze, "his wife must make the money for both of them. You know she is picking up rags and bones which they buy of her at the factory. And did you never hear that Marlene, Bartel's daughter, is going to marry Hennenhoeft, your wood-ward? It is not difficult to guess where the money comes from."

The forester shook his head in gloomy silence. By this time they had arrived at the point where their roads separated. The schulze took the road for his dairy, while Wülfig pursued the main road toward the manor-house.

This chateau, belonging to Baron de Fernau's large estate, was seldom or never inhabited by its owner or any member of his family. The Baron preferred the gay style of city life in the metropolis. One part of the chateau was occupied by our old acquaintance, Mr. Anbelang, formerly the agricultural supervisor of Count Wildenschwert's estate. Mr. Anbelang was now the Baron's representative, the receiver of his revenues, and his chief official.¹ It was he who had summoned Wülfig to the manor-house.

Wülfig's position was generally considered as lucrative

¹ According to the system, still prevailing in a great part of Germany, the owners of manorial lands have privileges very similar to those of the English landed nobility. They exercise almost all rights which in the cities belong to the city governments.

and comfortable. His wife, the same Gussy Wildman with whom we are already acquainted, had borne him two sons who were now receiving education in a distinguished Polytechnical Institute, and it was said that the Baron was paying for their education. But there seemed to be cares that were preying on his life. There was an habitual despondency about him, which seemed to be greatest when official necessity (for otherwise he shunned his company) brought him in contact with Hennenhöft. In addition to this, several recent incidents seemed to have greatly increased his ill-humor. The Baron and his wife had always treated him, and in fact all their officials, with great liberality, if not lavishness. But of late a change had taken place. The frequent gratuities which he and the other officers had been in the habit of receiving had been discontinued; salaries were curtailed; all kinds of retrenchment were introduced. The chief officer, Mr. Anbelang, had intimated that he was directed to increase the revenues of the estate. Wood had been lately sold out of the forest to the value of more than 30,000 dollars. All this had been going on for a time with the express understanding that nothing was to be changed in Wülfling's and Hennenhöft's departments. But lately orders had been issued that the expenditures of the forest department must be diminished and its regular revenues increased. The stock of game which was kept in the forest was altogether inadequate, and must be largely increased, it being evident that poachers were continually committing depredations in the forest. The Baron had written that Mr. Anbelang's accounts showed the cost of every deer which was sent to his table to be 250 dollars.

Wülfling was sincerely desirous of executing the Baron's directions to the best of his ability, and he had earnestly considered how the poachers might be kept from the forest, how the stealing of wood and the evident defalcations in the charcoal and tar departments might be stopped. It was not doubtful to him that peculation and dishonesty was practised in these departments, and that Hennenhöft had a hand in it. And still he shrunk from taking measures against him, or even communicating with him concerning that matter. In the conference to which Mr. Anbelang had invited Wülfling, all these topics, except the last,

were discussed. After a protracted sitting, in which both men had been comparing notes on all details, Wülfling was informed that Anbelang had entered into an agreement with Baron Tümpling, a neighboring nobleman, and several other land owners, to put an effective stop to the poaching. They had determined on a raid against the poachers which was to take place that very night. Since it was known that there were several dangerous characters among them, it was expected that they would make use of their fire-arms if any attempt should be made to arrest them or to stop their lawless trade. It had, therefore, seemed necessary to employ several gensd'armes and other armed officers, and it was expected that Wülfling would be present, and assist the party with his advice, and if necessary with his arms. All were to assemble at 11 o'clock, at Wolf's corner. Before Wülfling left the chateau, Mr. Anbelang, who evidently considered Wülfling's integrity to be unquestionable, had pledged him to observe the strictest secrecy as to the projected expedition, and not to breathe a word concerning it to any person whatsoever.

Wülfling was invited by Mr. Nesselborn to partake in the social enjoyment of the evening by which the worthy school-master's birth-day was to be celebrated. On his way to the school-house he gave way to the mournful meditations which the proposed expedition, and Hennenhöft's probable connection with the poachers could not fail to awaken in him. His own relation to Hennenhöft and to Countess Jadwiga, his benefactress, were foremost in his mind, and his former life, a life of errors and repentance, was brought vividly before him. When Countess Jadwiga had given testimony in his favor, while he was under the charge of attempted arson, the Dornweil Court did not immediately accept her statements as fully satisfactory. But Count Wildenschwert had afterwards seen fit to withdraw his charges. Some said that his wife's desertion, her determined resolution to remain separated from him, and the countenance which her father had given to her, had filled the Count with such contempt for men that he had suffered the matter to drop from sheer disgust. Others maintained that the Count had a suspicion against his wife of being Hennenhöft's and Wülfling's accomplice in the attempted crime. As to

her motives, he believed that it was her intention to give him pain by destroying his beloved collections. His honor would not allow these facts to become public, and hence he affected to believe in the truth of his wife's deposition, and let the whole matter drop. However this may be, certain it was that Hennenhöft, Wülfig and his wife owed everything to the Countess. That they must have repaid that deed of kindness with some act, perhaps not altogether in accordance with the laws, was made probable by the fact that the Countess continued to overwhelm them with benefits even after her divorce from the Count of Wildenschwert, soon after which she had become the Baroness of Fernau. Wülfig's habitual state of depression, and some occasional remarks of his wife, indicated that his relations to the Countess and to Hennenhöft must be of a peculiar and mysterious nature.

Secret guilt is like an overflowing spring. It will break its course in some direction. Soon it oozes forth from the earth in places least expected. Thus, conscience digs its own channels, affecting even the sound parts of the soul. In such a state everything seems failure and disappointment. Sins are remembered for which we thought we had fully atoned by long contrition. After remorselessly dissecting our excuses, we find that they do not hold good. We discover falsehood in what the rest of the world has readily taken for truth. Our self-tormenting soul shrinks in the face of Eternal light, as our bodily eyes are blinded by the rays of the sun.

It was evident that secret guilt weighed on the souls of both Wülfig and his wife. They were living in strict seclusion in their lonely cottage, avoiding all amusements and even the company of their friends. Never did they leave the house of God, at which their attendance was regular, without tears in their eyes. They never received a letter from the mail-carrier without showing signs of dread. It is true Wülfig's wife did not bear her head so humbly as her husband; for in certain conditions of life women show more moral courage than men. Only in Hennenhöft's presence would she cast down her eyes. She and her husband shunned all contact with him, never coming near his dismal dwelling. There had been once an old convent in the midst of the for-

est. Its ruins were now overgrown with grass and fern. But if the spade were applied to that spot, it would encounter old walls and vaults; even above ground a dilapidated square was left, with here and there a turret or a cell looming over the ruins. This old masonry, it was rumored, was by subterranean passages connected with the seignorial buildings of Steinthal. With these relics of former ages modern structures had been connected. Long sheds and similar buildings had been erected for the drying of bark and the storing of charcoal. There were also furnaces and kilns for reducing the forest trees to charcoal, and transforming the pitch of the firs and pines into tar. All this was under Hennenhöft's direction. Neither Wülfling nor his wife ever approached this part of the forest.

It had now become necessary for Wülfling to come to an open collision with his former companion. In spite of his given promise, the question repeatedly arose in his mind whether he should not warn Hennenhöft of the expedition projected by his superiors. He was almost resolved to do it, and rehearsed to himself the way he would address him: "Man," he would say, "the first transgression of my life united our fates. When we were serving our country as soldiers, your example seduced me to gambling, drinking, and all manner of dissipation. I knew that you were robbing the Government by stealing arms, leather and clothing from the storehouses. I abetted all these crimes by allowing you to enter the building when I was on guard duty. We were both found out, and suffered a disgraceful punishment. Being thus cut off from an honest career, I could not, dishonored as I was, find employment. While I was thus struggling with my fate, you approached me again, railed at my good resolutions, and induced me to make use of forged testimonials. Your skilful hand had fabricated for me a certificate, counterfeiting the signatures of our former military superiors. On the ground of these forged papers I found employment in the service of the Count of Wildenschwert. I served him faithfully for years, submitting to all his caprices, forcing my natural temper into humility; for I knew my own worthlessness. But in an evil hour my evil spirit awoke again. One evening, being tired by the most exhausting work, I was ordered by the Count to wait upon

a guest, which I sullenly refused with a cutting and impetuous remark. The Count, in a fury, struck and kicked me. Breathing vengeance, I fled, and met—you. I told you all. You wanted employment, and I was willing that you should have my place. You went to the castle, but returned furious and thirsting for vengeance. In that disastrous night when I, in your company, returned to the castle to take what belonged to me, you raised the torch in spite of my protests. Then the warning of an angel struck our ears. We fled, but were seized and imprisoned. And that witness of your intended crime, who might have destroyed us, had mercy on us, and opened the bars of our prison. Then even your heart became soft, and you vowed to her that had saved us, to become an honest man, but——”

Wülfig's thoughts were interrupted by a terrible recollection. Lightnings flashed up in the night of his soul, illuminating the chasm that yawned before him. He instinctively felt that the consequences of the next night might even reach his benefactress, and bury her under Hennenhöft's ruin. And yet he could not warn Hennenhöft without breaking his solemn promise and sacrificing that self-respect which he was determined not to lose again, now that he had recovered it. Thus divided in his heart, he arrived at the school-house, where the little company were indulging in innocent mirth. Mr. Peterenz, the village clergyman, and Mr. Stutzbart were among the guests. The grandfather had been notified that his son Lienhard would arrive in the evening, to the great delight of Mr. Peterenz, who flattered himself with the hope of “saving a sermon without an exchange of pulpits.” Immediately after the hunter's entrance the mail coach arrived, and the whole company went out to receive the honored son of their aged host. Having gone through with the usual greetings and hand-shakings, and having delivered the various tokens of affection and birthday presents from his wife and his two daughters, Lienhard took his seat among the little company and joined in their jovial conversation. When he was informed that Gertrude, his niece, was about to be sent to a boarding-school, he made many remarks on the system of education generally pursued in such institutions. Lienhard Nesselborn had not lost his old interest in the “school question.” He condemned most

of the boarding institutes. They were mere pecuniary speculations: the principals, generally persons who had suffered shipwreck in other occupations, were in the habit of opening these institutions with high-sounding phrases; but the fact was, they cared for nothing but money-making. Great principles and educational truths were talked of, but not carried out. The whole educational machinery had the great ultimate design to feed the proprietor. In the most favorable case he would blindly follow governmental regulations and orders, to secure the favor of the State authorities!

There were several replies on the part of the old gentleman and Mr. Peterenz. The latter made the conversation more general. He referred to Jeremiah Gotthelf,¹ who, in his opinion, had succeeded best in representing the true ideal of an instructor of the people. But Lienhard decidedly protested against that opinion.

"No, no," he said; "that schoolmaster Käser of Jeremiah Gotthelf is a miserable wretch—a bungler from beginning to end. I do not dispute the almost Homeric art in the composition, and acknowledge the great skill with which the author has laid open the most secret pages of nature, and in such a manner as to engage our warm sympathy with his picture. But does Käser show a true conception of the dignity of the teacher's profession? Does not that conceited Swiss theologian, who ought to have been called Bitius instead of Bitzius, distinctly show how utterly superfluous the great question of popular education appears to him? He derides it, he delivers it to the scholastic councillors to be cold-shouldered! He goes to the whole length of reaction, ridicules any participation of the people in the administration or making of laws, and considers the Lord a mere task-master, and his holy Gospel a rod. In this spirit he has represented the great pedagogical question of the century in the garb of a wretched and ragged beggar. Attempting to describe the educational world in Switzerland before Pestalozzi, he nowhere gives to him, the great reformer, the honor that is due him! He ridicules those benevolent officers who en-

¹ Jeremias Gotthelf is the *nom de plume* of Albert Bitzius, an eminent author in regard to popular education. Bitzius died in 1854, at which time he was a clergyman in the Canton of Bern, Switzerland. His work referred to has the title: "Sorrows and joys of a Schoolmaster." Bern, 1838. The hero of the tale is Schoolmaster Käser.—*Translator*.

deavor to throw light into his stupid, beastly, thievish Käser. Can all his poetical pictures compensate for the way in which he makes that former weaver, a fellow without any call for the profession of a teacher, expatiate on his 'sorrows and joys,' just as our dear colleagues would wish the profession to be degraded? But the impure always punishes itself. This dolt relates his history with remarks which can only be the result of the most perfect mental education. On every page, at every passage, borrowed from the Swiss minister's highly finished sermons, the reader must ask the question, how in the world all that has come to that weaver? The author has entirely forgotten to explain the sudden illumination of that blockhead. In vain we expect to be told of the way in which his spirit received the ability thus to criticize, reprimand and ridicule himself. The whole story is an unsolved riddle. Only one thing is explained, namely: the hatred of the theologians to the school, to which they even grudge the word 'master.' That word, of course, is the pulpit's monopoly."

Mr. Peterenz wisely avoided taking sides with the attacked party, not wishing to incur the suspicion of entertaining the ultra views, so mercilessly denounced by Lienhard. He simply tried to smooth somewhat the points of the attack. "It is a real pity," he said, "that we are never able to remove the earthly dross from the heavenly ideals that are living in our minds. The beauty of even the finest specimens of plants which we take up from the ground is marred by the filth of the earth and the worms and slugs adhering to them. The perfect model teacher, my dear colleague, is yet to be born, nay, even the perfect model pupil! Yes, even model pupils we should have; children, handed over to school, not by the house and its prejudices, but by nature herself; children that need not to unlearn, but merely to receive! It is only too true, every thing is full of scum!"

"The true pedagogic faith," replied Lienhard, "justifies, cleanses and purifies everything. We must educate for a life such as must have been conceived by the Almighty when he created man. Rousseau's Emil is a fable for the world only as it now exists. But for the educator's conscience, for the spiritual world, that Emil has been a reality, and is alive still!"

The guests separated at an early hour. Then there was a peculiar silence between Lienhard and his father, and little Gertrude's spirits became sad and depressed. Under some pretext she was sent out of the room. Her heart yearned to learn the substance of the conversation which was opened between father and son. Passing and repassing at the door, she was able to gather up so many fragments of this conversation that she became aware at least of its main points.

"My brother's inheritance," said the grandfather, "which I might have kept for myself, in order to have a few days of rest at the evening of my life, was divided by me into two shares, one of which you received for your support at the university. Your brother invested the other in his farm, and the sale of the estate after his death produced an almost equal amount, consisting of four thousand dollars in good stocks, which I am preserving for Gertrude. She is an orphan. When I die—"

"Would we not, then, deal by her like fathers, mothers, sisters?" interrupted the son.

"Your wife, and deal like a mother!—Your daughters, and act like sisters! If phrases were food and clothing! No, my dear son, on this security I cannot leave behind me the poor orphan. I have saved the interest to send her to a seminary, of course not to a fashionable one."

"To bigots!"

"What harm if she dresses in dark blue calico, with a white apron like a nun? As a clergyman you should know that too much religion can never come into young hearts; rather too much than too little!"

For a while there was silence in the room. Then Gertrude's uncle rehearsed his plans. His vocation as a minister had now become an insupportable burden; he was resolved to give it up and devote himself to education. He would establish in the metropolis a great educational institute, both for day-scholars and boarders. There would be six departments; he would prepare his pupils even for the university. A large building suited to this purpose was just now for sale. He had already in view several teachers, and many pupils too. A well written programme would secure a good beginning. There were innumerable parents not able to educate their children in their own houses. Others

looked at our public gymnasiums with distrust; they had become barracks. The public teachers appointed by the government were living to satisfy their own vanity, their fame through learned journals. It was more important to them to write a Latin "school-programme" which would be reviewed in the papers, than to correct the tasks of their pupils. Personal education was wanting everywhere. "It is true," he continued, "my prospectus cannot explain all this without restraint. That would bring out countless enemies against me. But the attentive reader will read it 'between the lines.' Then at length I shall be in my own element! Even if I begin with no more than twenty boarders, in three years I shall have ten times as many. The results of my institute will be known. Of course, I shall not place them under a bushel. People must see how restlessly I work. The joyful shouts from our 'Turnplatz' shall resound far over our garden-walls, and over Germany. Cheerful, healthful faces will be our most attracting recommendation. I have nearly everything I could desire for the realization of this plan! Bögendorf, my old university friend, has been appointed superintendent of schools in the ministry. Doctor Staudner, another old friend, will negotiate for the property, and has promised to procure my first pupils. Nothing is wanting but some money. Two thousand dollars have already been collected by my friends. If you give me Gertrude's four thousand dollars, my enterprise will be secured, and I shall perform great things in the spirit of our master Pestalozzi!"

Gertrude had caught parts of this address, and listened now to the replies of her grandfather. He closed them with allusions to her uncle's wife and daughters.

"This was your first misfortune," he remarked, referring probably to the development of his son in general. "Your second misfortune was the choice of your wife. She was good-looking, unquestionably, and is still so. But she was of no use to you. Your mind has always been aiming at high and serious things, but your wife's mind has been occupied with parties, associating with the higher classes, dress and scandal. All this was nearer to her heart than to assist you in your high vocation. A minister's wife must either be a blessing to her husband, or a curse. She can

ruin his whole harvest, can turn his holy gown into a buffoon's jacket. Oh Lienhard, Lienhard! It was your great mistake that you thought more of what flattered your senses than of that which would have made your future happiness! Now your children are grown up. The apple did not fall far from the tree. The little town of Rohrbach is no longer sufficient for their worldly hearts. What the mother does not ask for herself, she asks for her daughters. And if *they* are always dressed in the newest fashion, of course, *she* must be too. Thus the so-called love for the daughters furnishes the pretext for wicked attacks on the scant substance of an honest man."

The uncle did not reply. It soon was still in the school-house, its inmates having retired to rest, each busy with his own thoughts.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

THE singular rhymes given below have been many times printed, but will be new to not a few of our readers. They were composed during the Revolutionary war, and had a wide circulation, not only in this country but in England, where their peculiar construction seems not to have been discovered, at least for some time. Read across the page they are full of 'Tory' sentiment; read as we print them below, they contend strongly for the Revolutionary cause.

Hark! hark! the trumpets sound,	the din of war's alarms,
O'er seas and solid ground,	doth call us all to arms.
Who for King George doth stand,	their honors soon will shine;
Their ruin is at hand,	who with the Congress join.
The acts of Parliament,	in them I much delight;
I hate their cursed intent,	who for the Congress fight.
The Tories of the day,	they are my daily toast;
They soon will sneak away,	who independence boast.
Who non-resistance hold,	they have my hand and heart;
May they for slaves be sold,	who act a Whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North, and Bute,	my daily blessings pour;
Confusion and dispute,	on Congress evermore.
To North, that British Lord,	may honor still be done;
I wish a block and cord,	to General Washington.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PART TENTH.

THE PEOPLE'S INFLUENCE, 1700-1870.

"It was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconveniences and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow."

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1755.

THE AGE OF JOHNSON, 1745-1800.

THE days of Pope were also the days of what are known as *Grub Street* writers, and these come legitimately before us now, because from their ranks the writer was developed who became "the most conspicuous literary man of his country," in the period now opening before us.

In a filthy and poverty-stricken region of the British metropolis, not far from Bunhill fields, where the ashes of Bunyan and Watts repose, dwelt those hack writers who wrote ballads and reviews, prologues, prefaces, indexes and almanacs. The name which these took from the street has since been applied to productions marked by "bad matter expressed in a bad manner, false, confused histories, low creeping poetry, and grovelling prose," wherever written.

To this circle of writers two young men were added in 1737, one of whom, aged twenty-one, was afterwards celebrated as David Garrick, the peerless actor. The other, aged twenty-eight, will always be known as the Leviathan of Letters—Samuel Johnson. The next year Johnson published a satire entitled *London*, in which he exclaims:

"This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth, by poverty oppressed."

Continuing a laborious career, he produced in 1749—eleven years later—the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, in which, speaking again from his experience, he said:

"— Mark what ills the scholar's life assail,—
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

Macaulay calls Dr. Johnson the last survivor of a genuine race of *Grub Street* hacks; but, though forced, by the con-

dition into which his father's financial embarrassment cast him, thus to labor for his daily bread, he was of a far different character from many, if not from most of his class.

He was a man of strong principles; a moralist, who unsparingly denounced hypocrisy and licentiousness, and a Christian, full of unostentatious charity. As a writer, he depreciated imagination and elevated the understanding. He raised himself to such a position that his own age regarded him as a classic, and he accomplished it by the most laborious application, and in face of obstacles varied in their nature and apparently insurmountable. He still holds an honored place, and is to-day more intimately known than almost any other of our authors. Upon the canvas of Boswell's Life, Dr. Johnson stands out painted with the minuteness of a pre-Raphaelite, bold in outline, and exact in detail. His character and writings are worthy of careful study by those who would be acquainted with all the capabilities of our language. While saying this, I do not wish any one to understand me as recommending him to imitate the style of this or of any other author. He who imitates, usually selects the weak points for copying, and this is especially apparent in the imitators of Dr. Johnson. Those who have attempted it have parodied his style of expression—his antitheses and Latinisms, while they have been utterly unable to re-produce his keen and quick wit, his weighty matter, his knowledge, sagacity and penetration.

Dr. Johnson's great work is the *Dictionary of the English Language*, published, as the result of seven years' toil, in 1755. It entitles him to be called the father of English lexicography, for the work was original, and has had a great influence in fixing the form of our language, and settling the meaning of its words.

A great difference between Johnson and Pope is found in the strong moral purpose of the one, and the lack of that purpose in the other. This purpose is shown in the preface to Johnson's dictionary. Hear the moralist: "It is the misfortune of those who toil at the lower employments of life to be rather driven by fear of evil than attracted by the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure without the hope of praise; to be disgraced by miscarriage or punished

by neglect, where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward. Among these unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries; whom mankind have considered not as the pupil, but as the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish, and clear obstructions from the paths through which learning and genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile upon the humble drudge that facilitates their progress. Every other author may aspire to praise, the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompense has been yet granted to very few. *I have, notwithstanding this discouragement, attempted a Dictionary of the English Language.*" He further asserts that he had the honor of his country in view, wishing it no longer to yield "the palm of philology without a contest to the nations of the continent." He says that the chief glory of a nation arises from its authors, and that it was his desire to enable foreign nations and distant ages to gain access to our propagators of knowledge, aiming to "afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton and to Boyle."

Space will not permit us to refer more at length to this interesting writer, but forces us to turn to some of his contemporaries. The first to attract our attention is Edward Gibbon, author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, the fruit of the thought of twenty-three years. Associated with his is the name of David Hume, author of the dramatic and picturesque *History of England*. Contemporary also was Sir William Jones, the oriental scholar. He was a remarkable linguist, and will be long remembered for his investigations in Asiatic philology and literature, of which we have already spoken in these papers. Edmund Burke belongs also to this age, and he was one of the brilliant group that gathered around the table of the Literary Club at the Mitre. Oliver Goldsmith, too, was at that table, and in spite of his geniality, learning and delicacy of writing, which caused him to be loved and courted, we can scarcely doubt that he was sometimes looked upon as the embodiment of his own philosophic vagabond.

Thomas Gray, the observing and tender lyric poet, gave

us the sweet *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, and the Pindaric ode of the *Welsh Bard*, beginning :

“ Ruin seize the ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait.”

Besides these there was the Presbyterian historian, William Robertson; the philosophical Scotch political economist, Adam Smith; the Scotch balladist, Robert Burns, and the graceful and playful singer of Olney, William Cowper.

In America literature began to be cultivated not long after the landing of the Pilgrims. For many years authors were few, and they wrote under many disadvantages. We may consider the literature of the English language produced in our country under three aspects: I. *The Colonial Period*, from 1620-1775; II. *The Revolutionary Period*, from 1775-1830; and III. *The American Period*, from 1830-1870.

The *Colonial Period* covers a part of the age of Johnson. At that time such topics were under discussion in America as we have referred to in England at the time of the Puritan influence, and the period was marked by earnestness and strength, rather than by elegance of style, imagination or delicacy. Among our writers then was Benjamin Franklin, who is too well known to delay us. He was three years older than Dr. Johnson. Associated with Franklin somewhat, and resembling him in desiring to be useful, was Cotton Mather, a divine who, in connection with the witchcraft delusion, has been ably discussed of late.

To mention no more, there was Jonathan Edwards, the metaphysician, whose works rank higher than those of any other writer of the period, and still furnish strong food for thought, and sound arguments to support principles. It is an honor to New England that, so early in her history, she produced a man who, in her remotest limits, so thoroughly cultivated his mind as to produce works which, for power of subtle argument and metaphysical acuteness, caused the great minds of the mother country to acknowledge him their master!

ARTHUR GILMAN.

RULLOFF AGAIN.

WE have already, in April, given a brief sketch of the career and character of Rulloff, the learned murderer. Professor Mather, of Amherst College, recently had an interview with the prisoner, and gives the following interesting account of it:

"My visit was not one of idle curiosity, for one of my colleagues in the college had shown me, some months since, a criticism of Rulloff's, written years ago, when he was in the State Prison at Auburn, N. Y., upon parts of Professor Taylor Lewis's edition of one of Plato's dialogues, which had warmly interested me in his scholarship. The next morning, about nine o'clock, the advocate and I went down to the prison, and the gentlemanly High Sheriff at once consented to grant the interview, if Rulloff was willing. The doomed man at first refused, as he had done of late to all visitors, but when told that I was a student and teacher of Greek, he at once consented. He approached the heavy latticed iron-door and asked very politely if I could remain long enough to learn something of the beauties of his theory of language. Without replying, I turned to the officer and asked if I might be permitted to go into the cell. He said yes, and proceeded to unlock the massive padlocks. It was a long, narrow, granite-built room, but high, and furnished with plenty of light and pure air. As we entered, Rulloff approached with two dilapidated chairs, and with the most winning courtesy, asked us to be seated, and offered to relieve me of my hat. He sat down on his rude pallet opposite me, and I told him that I had seen the criticism referred to above, and that I had desired to learn how he had acquired his knowledge of the old languages. He replied, with a smile, that he had obtained it all by honest work; that he had never been in a college or university, but that from boyhood he had a most intense interest in the beauty and the strength of the Greek tongue. He complained that he had been laughed at by the public as a superficial scholar, and wanted me to satisfy myself on that, and then hear what he had to say about the formation of language. I replied that as we had no text-books I could not examine him, to which he rejoined that many of the classical authors he knew by heart, and would try and repeat portions if I would suggest where he should begin. Thinking that something from the *Memorabilia* might be appropriate to his present needs, I suggested the third chapter, first book, where the sentiments of Socrates with

reference to God and duty in their purity and exaltation approach so nearly to Biblical revelation, and he at once gave me the Greek. Other parts of the same work, as well as the Iliad of Homer and some of the plays of Sophocles, he showed great familiarity with. Then, in order to show his thoroughness, he criticised the common rendering of certain passages, and he did it with such subtlety and discrimination and elegance as to show that his critical study of these nicer points was more remarkable than his powers of memory; in fact I should say that subtlety of analysis and of reasoning was the marked characteristic of his mind. On one or two passages of Homer, in particular, he showed great acuteness of criticism, and a most thorough appreciation of the grandeur of the sentiment. One or two renderings of President Felton he opposed most vigorously, and when I supported the common version he quoted from a vast range of classics to confirm his view. His theory of language I cannot enter upon here, for it is too subtle for the general reader. It is very original, is quite contrary to the established views upon comparative philology, and probably will never be of any practical use. Most persons think him a monomaniac upon this, and certainly his enthusiasm is most remarkable. He sat there in his chains, just sentenced by the highest court to die on the gallows, and without a word, or apparently a thought about his doom, he argued and plead for his favorite theory as though he were wrestling for his life and was determined to win. He is anxious to have philologists examine the manuscript of his work. He urged me to come with several such men, and take time to see whether his theory is true. He asked my pardon for the apparent dogmatism of the statement, but said he felt convinced that this theory of language was a special revelation to him, and that perhaps a hundred years might elapse ere it would be known again, and then added, significantly, "And you know that whatever is done must be done quickly."

In person, this man is about middle height, and of robust build, and is apparently verging on fifty years of age—not at all the broken old man he has been represented. He has a singular face, not villainous or grossly sensual, nor is it scholarly. The features are strongly marked and full of sinister meaning. It is a face that you could not forget, and yet would not care to think about. His eye, which is dark hazel, I had heard was the striking feature, but it did not impress me so, perhaps because it showed struggle and suffering. The bad lines in his face to me were about his chin and forehead, and his neck is very short, and stout, and heavy. In manners he is very urbane and natural, and

he converses with great facility and elegance. His voice is mellow and pleasant, and occasionally showed tones of tenderness. But, for all that, I do not believe the man has any tenderness save for language. In looking at him you would never imagine him as loving any human being, and you would be sure that his hatred would be implacable. He is certainly an enigma, and offers in himself a powerful argument against the theory that education is alone sufficient to lead to true manhood. Those who would throw out moral and Biblical teaching from our systems of culture have a difficult task to harmonize their theory with such a character as this. Here is a profound and appreciative student of all that is beautiful and glorious in classical learning, working for years as a philologist, and with a zeal rarely equalled, and yet all the time living a life of crime as dark and terrible as any criminal in our land. He shows that true culture and true manhood can only be by a development of the moral sense, and that we must educate the heart as fast as we educate the head, or our knowledge may only increase our sin."

From a letter of Rev. W. Waith, dated Lancaster, N. Y., March 20, and addressed to a journal of this city, we take the following extract:

"At a time (1850-1) when the writer of this was a student of theology at Auburn, and was in the habit of making frequent visits to the State Prison with the chaplain, he became acquainted with Rulloff, who was serving out there a ten years' term of imprisonment. The prisoner was reported to be a remarkable scholar. He was thick set and powerful in bodily appearance, had a broad face, large mouth, and small, brilliant eyes, rather widely separated. A little fluid-lamp used to be hanging at the grating of his cell-door—a special favor conceded to his well-known love of study. He would always come briskly up to the door for a talk; was quick in perception, impatient to reply, and had a habit of setting his head on one side, with a keen, scrutinizing look, while addressed, that gave one the impression of his intention to make a pounce the moment the sentence was finished. Often he caught the word out of the speaker's mouth, and poured forth a voluble reply of his own. His language was good, with a dash of sarcasm, and what he knew, he appeared to have well in hand. About that time, the writer, as a candidate for licensure, had been assigned themes for certain trial-pieces to be presented to the presbytery. One in particular was a critical essay upon a certain passage in the Book of Acts, in

the treatment of which the young theologian supposed himself to have displayed great learning, and had completed his essay with vast parade of authorities and quotations of Greek authors. This essay the chaplain wished might be shown to Rulloff. It was shown to him, and he retained the MS. a few days, after which its author went to talk with the learned prisoner about it. But the author, in *that* talk, stood no more chance of shining than Bill Nye did in playing with the "heathen Chinee." The learned prisoner was up to his eyes in Xenophon, and Plato, and Sophocles, and Euripides, where the young theologian was only ankle-deep; and the latter left somewhat disgusted with the ways of these convicts. In the sequel, Rulloff prepared a review of the critical essay itself, and lent it to the writer, who has always regretted that he did not make and preserve a copy of it, for it was a remarkable production. I showed it, however, to Dr. Henry Mills, the most learned linguist in the theological faculty, who, while censuring the perversity of Rulloff's argument, expressed unfeigned surprise at his unusual knowledge of Greek. Written in a firm, beautiful hand, scrupulously correct in punctuation, and sprinkled over plentifully with Greek quotations (the characters of which were deftly and elegantly formed and carefully accentuated), it was a manuscript to attract a scholar very powerfully. Rulloff had a considerable quantity of books in his cell, the product of over-earning at his work. I do not think he quoted "from memory," as your note intimates. Nor, in spite of all his attainments, do I think he would have passed for what De Quincey calls "a sound, well-built scholar." He was ingenious, penetrating, persevering, curious, but crotchety, perverse, and immensely opinionated. As to the essay he wrote in review of mine, I remember that he objected, on some frivolous ground, to nearly every one of my positions, controverted all my grammatical authorities—but, of the Scriptural passage in question, had such excessively refined grammatical views, *that he utterly declined to venture on any rendering or exegesis of his own.*

One little memorial, a very trifling one, of this remarkable criminal, I retain. It is a scrap of paper, containing, in his own handwriting, a note on some words in the "Memorabilia" of Socrates (i. 1, 9). I transcribe it as a curiosity:

‘ἐπὶ ζεύγος λαβεῖν] rendered by Kühner, *ad vehentum adhibere*, as ἐπὶ δειπνον (he says) *may* sometimes be rendered *ad coenandum*. This passage, however, seems capable of a less constrained interpretation. Compare also ἐπ’ ἄλλα τοιαῦτα (Mem. Soc., i. 2, 9), and ἐφ’ ἧ ἡκοιμι (ii. 3, 13), as these all require (perhaps) a common treatment.’

I really think that this little scrap, when we consider that it was penned behind the grating by a man who has been convicted of the most horrid crimes, and will, probably, soon die on the scaffold, deserves preservation."

HOW THE EXCAVATIONS ARE CONDUCTED AT POMPEII.

AN "excavation pic-nic" took place at Pompeii in honor of the arrival of Professor Pierce and the other members of the American Eclipse Expedition. A correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser* describes the scene: "On arriving at Pompeii the party were first conducted to the present limit of the excavations that they might witness the entire process of the labor. The wheelbarrow is still unknown to the Italian laborer, and his rude broad pick, and his *zappa*, which serves alike for hoe and spade, would be disdained by the meanest of America's adopted fellow-citizens. Men and women, boys and girls, are employed indifferently, and go scrambling and chattering up the steep bank, with their little basketful of dirt upon head or shoulder. A miniature railway, operated by boy-power, is laid near the edge of the cutting, and as fast as the cars are filled they are pushed away beyond the lines of the city walls and beyond the amphitheatre, where their contents are dumped. Close upon the diggers follow another set of workmen. These prop up crooked walls, repair breaches made by tearing down the roof supports and lintels, if these are of such extent as to threaten the crumbling of the partitions, cut out and carry away such mural paintings and tablets as have any unusual value and can be removed in good condition, or roof over and otherwise protect such as must be left in place, but might suffer from exposure.

Just at present the excavators are revealing nothing of any intrinsic value, for the street now opening appears to have been almost exclusively occupied by mining shopkeepers—some of them possibly in the military equipment business, for a portion of a full-length and life-sized painting of

a Roman legionary, in complete armor, has recently been brought to light beside one shop-door. In many other places in the neighborhood are painted up what seems to be the names of candidates for various local offices, so that perhaps this district was the haunt of the ward-politicians of an older day. Accordingly, Professor Pierce's party were warned that they must not anticipate the finding of any treasures, nor even be disappointed if nothing were found, for this is the case with many buildings, everything having either been carried away or destroyed.

The street itself must have been a pretty one, for the buildings throughout nearly its entire length were painted in high alternate panels of red and black, relieved with some light ornament. Doubtless it was also a lively one, for beside all its shops it boasted a livery-stable, in front of whose broad doorway the sidewalk was sloped to the roadway, that the chariots might roll out freely. The more modest art of donkey-riding, too, found its opportunities here, for a great room in the rear of the stable indicates by its frescoes that the proprietor did not content himself alone with "carriage-customers."

Two or three of the most promising shops and houses had been reserved by the superintendent for particular attention, and, in front of them, chairs had been placed for the company. The *debris* had been left, as we have intimated above, to the depth of two or three feet over the floors, and the doorway had been blocked by large stones to keep the looser dirt from rolling out into the clean-kept street. A dozen men were immediately set to work, and about as many *custodi* stood by, watching with all the sharpness of their long-trained eyes that nothing might be caught up and concealed. Experience has taught the directors in what part of each particular building objects are most likely to be found; and, therefore, while one man was digging away with the utmost *insouciance*, his fellow, close beside him, would be upon his knees carefully scraping away the dirt with his fingers.

The first building was evidently a shop, with a living-room at the back, but there were no external indications of its character. Digging soon developed a great iron

furnace, or oven, leaden-covered, and set in brick, in the centre of the front-room; and the most popular surmise was the owner had been a cook, for a few bronze vessels of the saucepan-type were found near the furnace, together with the bones of two or three dogs and cats, which imagination figured as having sought the shop after its master's flight, in search of fat pickings, and as having paid for their gluttony more dearly than by a heating.

A couple of wine *amphoræ*, a lamp, a bit of money, a bronze ring, some ivory pallets for the hinges of doors and movables, a door-key, and a few nails, composed the treasure-trove, the back-room being absolutely empty. Fragments of the red tiles and some charred bits of the wood-work, which throughout the city was almost all ignited by the blazing cinders of the *dies iræ*—were mingled with the ashes and pumice, as also were a few broken jars and lamps; but all the latter pieces were broken to atoms as fast as found, that nothing recognizable as a bit of Pompeii might go elsewhere than into the Museum. The next door neighbor of our shopkeeper had left nothing for posterity but his simple mosaic pavement; perhaps, on the other hand, we thought his friend had left his trifles behind him in order to take his stone-carpet with him, for in his two rooms we found nothing but the base earth for flooring.

BAD AIR vs. RELIGION.

MANY a farmer and housekeeper wonders why it is that they must needs take a nap every Sunday in sermon-time. When the parson gets comfortably into the second or third head of his discourse and his congregation have settled into the easiest position to listen, gentle sleep begins to steal over their faculties, and the good man is surprised at finding his argument less cogent than it seemed when prepared in the solitude of his study. At home, the busy matron never thinks of napping at eleven

o'clock in the morning, and the man of business would consider his sanity or common-sense sadly called in question should a friend propose a half-hour's nap at that hour of the day. Nevertheless, they both sleep like kittens in their pews, and logic, rhetoric, eloquence, are alike wasted in the vain attempt to rouse their sluggish souls. The question of the poet, so often sung in our assemblies,

"My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?"

is exactly in point, and we propose as an answer, "Because we are all breathing carbonic acid gas—deadly poison; because the sexton didn't let the foul air of last Sunday's congregation out of the doors and windows, and the fresh, pure air of heaven in." Look round at the audience; that feverish flush on the face isn't heat, it is poison; the lady nodding over there, her nose and cheeks like a scarlet-rose, is not too warm, for the thermometer doesn't stand over 70 deg.—she is partially suffocated—what she wants is fresh air. That hard-working mechanic and farmer doesn't sleep because he watched with a sick child last night, but simply for want of oxygen to keep the flame of intellectual and physical activity brightly burning. Nobody can rise on wings of faith in a poisonous atmosphere. Oxygen and religion cannot be separated in this unrighteous manner. We cannot live in conformity to spiritual laws while in open violation of the physical. Is your sexton a man of intelligence sufficient to understand the necessity and reason of ample ventilation? Does he know that every human being vitiates—at the least estimate, four cubic feet of air every minute? Linger when the congregation leaves, and see if he shuts every door and window tight to keep in all the heat till evening service. Then see how thin the lamps burn in the vitiated air; how hard the minister tries to raise himself and his listeners to the height of some great argument, and how stupid they are—nothing but bad air. Now for the remedy, which costs labor and money both, for ventilation is a question of dollars and cents. Saturday, the sexton should be instructed to open all the doors and windows to let out all the dead and foul air, and let in such as is fresh. It takes no more coal on Sunday morning to heat

the church to 70 deg. because of this purification. Sunday noon, let the openings of the church be again thrown wide—warmth and bad air will alike disappear, and though extra coal may be required to raise the temperature, the minister will preach so much better in consequence, and the hearers will listen with such increased relish to the sacred word, that the loss of the pocket will be infinitely compensated by the gain of the soul.

NOTHING LIKE GRAMMAR.—Nothing like grammar! Better go without a cow than go without that. There are numberless “professors” who go “tramp, tramp, tramp, my boys!” around the country, peddling a weak article, by which, “in twenty days,” they guarantee to set a man thoroughly up in the English language. An instance in point comes from Greenville, Alabama, where a “professor” had taught them to dote on grammar according to “Morris” system. During one of the lectures, the sentence “Mary milks the cow,” was given out to be parsed. Each word had been parsed save one, which fell to Bob L——, a sixteen-year old, near the foot of the class, who commenced thus: “Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and *stands for Mary*.” “Stands for Mary!” said the excited professor. “How do you make that out?” “Because,” answered the noble pupil, “if the cow didn’t stand for Mary, *how could Mary milk her?*”

AN amusing incident occurred in one of the St. Albans stores the other day, in which a butcher figured as principal. It appears he had been reading the revolutionary document pertaining to the early history of Vermont, in which the trouble between New Hampshire and Vermont was explained, and the Governor’s proclamation calling out the militia was published. He rushed into the store under great excitement and inquired what was all this fuss about, and when the militia were coming out, saying this was the first he had heard of it. He had not read the dates, which were 1770–76.

EDUCATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

STATE SCHOOL OFFICERS.

STATE.	TITLE.	NAME.	POST OFFICE.
Alabama..	Supt. Public Instruction..	Joseph Hodgson....	Montgomery.
Arkansas..	" " Schools.....	Thomas Smith.....	Little Rock.
California..	" " Instruction..	O. P. Fitzgerald....	San Francisco.
Conn.....	Sec. Bd. Education.....	B. G. Northrop....	New Haven.
Delaware..			
Florida....	Supt. Public Instruction..	Chas. K. Beecher....	Tallahassee.
Georgia....	School Commissioner....	J. R. Lewis.....	Atlanta.
Illinois...	Supt. Public Instruction..	Newton Bateman....	Springfield.
Indiana...	" " " ".....	Milton B. Hopkins..	Indianapolis.
Iowa.....	" " " ".....	A. S. Kissell.....	Des Moines.
Kansas....	" " " ".....	H. D. McCarty.....	Leavenworth.
Kentucky..	" " " ".....	Z. F. Smith.....	Eminence.
Louisiana..	" " " ".....	Thos. W. Conway....	New Orleans.
Maine.....	" Common Schools....	Warren Johnson....	Topsham.
Maryland..	Prin. State Normal Sch ..	M. A. Newell.....	Baltimore.
Mass.....	Sec. Bd. Education.....	Joseph White.....	Boston.
Michigan..	Supt. Public Instruction..	Oramel Hosford....	Lansing.
Minnesota..	" " " ".....	H. B. Wilson.....	St. Paul.
Miss.....	" " Education.....	Henry R. Pease....	Jackson.
Missouri..	" Public Schools.....	Ira Divoll.....	Jefferson City.
Nebraska..	" " Instruction..	S. D. Beals.....	Lincoln.
Nevada....	" " " ".....	A. N. Fisher.....	Carson City.
N. Hamp...	" " " ".....	A. C. Hardy.....	Concord.
N. Jersey..	" " " ".....	E. A. Appgar.....	Trenton.
New York..	" " " ".....	Abram B. Weaver....	Albany.
N. Carolina	" " " ".....	S. S. Ashley.....	Wilmington.
Ohio.....	Com'r Common Schools..	W. D. Henkle.....	Columbus.
Oregon....	Supt. Public Instruction..	Geo. L. Wood.....	Salem.
Penn.....	" Common Schools....	J. P. Wickersham..	Millersville.
R. Island..	Com'r Public ".....	T. W. Bicknell....	Providence.
S. Carolina	Supt. " Instruction..	J. K. Jillson.....	Camden.
Tennessee			
Texas.....			
Vermont...	Sec. Board of Education..	John H. French....	Burlington.
Virginia...	Supt. Public Instruction..	Rev. W. H. Ruffner.	Richmond.
W. Va.....	" Free Schools.....	Chas. S. Lewis.....	Charleston.
Wisconsin..	" Public Instruction..	Samuel Fallows....	Madison.

TERRITORIAL SCHOOL OFFICERS.

Colorado..	Supt. Public Instruction..	Columbus Nuckolls.	Central City.
Dakota...	" " " ".....	Jas. S. Foster.....	Yankton.
Idaho.....	" " " ".....	Daniel Crane.....	Boise City.
Montana..	" " " ".....	T. J. Campbell....	Virginia City.
Indian....	Supt. Inst'e. Cherokee Na.	Spencer S. Stevens.	Tahlequah.

THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATIONS are to convene in St. Louis, Mo., August 22d. We have seen no programme, and hence are unable to inform our readers what may be expected to be done.

MISSISSIPPI.—About three thousand Public Schools have been established under the present Common School system in Mississippi, during the past six months, with upwards of eighty thousand pupils under the tuition of nearly four thousand teachers. Taking into consideration the short period in which the School system has been in operation, and the vast amount of labor necessarily involved in effecting its organization, and that, too, under circumstances not the most favorable—a general Free School system, an untried experiment in Mississippi, without public sentiment favoring a fair trial even—having to contend with strong, deeply-rooted prejudices against it, arrayed, in many instances, in an open hostile opposition, together with an equal, if not greater obstacle—the indifference of a large and influential class in every community. In view of all this, the above statement presents a flattering exhibit of results. This is specially apparent when compared with other reconstructed States, and reflects great credit upon the zeal, earnestness, and efficiency of the officers connected with the State Department of Education.

TEXAS.—Gov. Davis reports a School population of 160,000 and over, the larger part of whom are without any educational advantages whatever. The Legislature failed to make an appropriation for Schools last session, and the governor hopes they will not repeat the error. The State has a permanent School fund of \$2,575,000. To the income of this fund the poll-tax is to be added, and one-fourth of all the other taxes, making for the current year about half a million of dollars available for educational purposes.

MARYLAND.—The annual report of the Board of State School Commissioners of Maryland, furnishes the following statistics: Schools, 1,360; enrolled scholars, 77,454; scholars in attendance, 40,151; teachers, 1,664; of whom 972 are males, and 691 females; average number of teachers, 1,427; time schools were open nine months.

NEVADA.—The Governor, State Superintendent, and State Surveyor, are a State Board. Teachers are well paid, and long terms of school maintained. The average wages of male teachers being \$125.59 per month, and of female

teachers, \$97.98; while the average duration of the Schools is eight months and eighteen days. These figures are higher, the State Superintendent says, than in any other State in the Union. Nevada has, as yet, no Normal School, University, College, or Academy.

KANSAS.—It may be of interest to know that the Legislature of Kansas refused to pass the following: "SECTION 1. That all corporal punishment, acts of violence, or personal indignities, on the part of the teachers toward any pupil in any common, graded, or other School of the State, is hereby prohibited; and any teacher violating this act shall be liable to punishment, according to law, in the same manner as if the relation of teacher and pupil did not exist."

MAINE.—Rev. Dr. Harris has resigned the position of President of the Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Me., and accepted a professorship in Yale College. It is expected that ex-Governor Chamberlain will succeed Dr. Harris as President of Bowdoin College.

GEORGIA.—The fifth annual meeting of the Georgia Teachers' Association held an interesting session in Columbus, May 2-5. Among those present who addressed the Association were J. M. Bonnell, D. D., Pres. Macon Wes. F. Col., on "the Object of the Society as held in the Constitution;" delivered in a concise and able manner. W. Ludden, of Savannah, on "Vocal Music in Schools." H. E. White, Columbus, O., "The Teacher's Inner Life." Altogether the meeting seems to have been one of profit.

THE Second Annual Convention of the German Teachers of the United States will be held in Cincinnati during the first week in August. The Convention in Louisville, Ky., last summer, did excellent work.

THE Legislature of Pennsylvania has enacted a law, making women over twenty-one years of age eligible to the office of School Director.

THE City of Syracuse has redeemed its pledge to the Syracuse University, and the bonds for one hundred thousand dollars are ordered issued.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

WE suspect that the ability to write Greek, good or bad, is to-day a rare accomplishment among the graduates of American Colleges. Not a few of them—we hope we are divulging no secret—would find themselves in a very tight place, if required to indite six lines in Latin, a tongue in which most of them are certainly more proficient than in Greek. But we are fain to think that matters are improving of late years. The Grammar is no longer middle and end, as well as beginning, of classical discipline. All good teachers now recognize the fact that the great end of learning a language is the use of it, as a means of communication, or as a key to the literature which it contains; not the grinding of gerunds or the parroting of periodical rules and exceptions. In many of our best schools the tyro is now set at composing in the language he would master, and so puts his acquisitions to immediate use. This method of beginning may be slower, but it is both more thorough and more practical than the one which has prevailed in this country so generally and so long. Helps to the writing of Latin are numerous, and some of them more than tolerably good; but the lack of a proper English-Greek dictionary, at once complete and scholarly, has been a serious obstacle in the way of Greek composition. This want no longer exists. Professor Drisler has fully met it in his lexicon.¹ It argues a firm faith in the utility and permanence of the system of classical culture, to edit and publish a work requiring such an outlay of labor and capital. One would imagine that the uproar raised by the scientists had been quite unheard within the walls of Columbia. Every page of the Lexicon bears abundant witness of patient and learned labor. We open at random and count twenty-seven additions by the American editor; a second opening gives twenty-two. For every word and signification the proper authority is cited, so that a glance enables us to distinguish early and late, or poetical

¹ AN ENGLISH-GREEK LEXICON. By C. D. YONGE. With many New Articles, an Appendix of Proper Names, and Pillon's Greek Synonyms. To which is prefixed an Essay on the Order of Words in Attic Prose, by Charles Short, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College. EDITED BY HENRY DRISLER, LL.D., Professor of Greek in Columbia College, Editor of Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon, etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1870.

and prose, usage. Professor Short's Essay prefixed to the Lexicon, contains one hundred closely packed pages, and is an immense repository of examples illustrative of the arrangement of words in Greek prose, an exhaustive collection of answers to all the questions the young Grecian can ask on the subject, and a store-house for future grammarians to draw from. But the book would be worth its full price to the instructor in Greek, if it contained nothing but Pillon's collection of Greek Synonyms [edited, with notes, by Rev. T. K. Arnold]. Of such a treatise, every one able to appreciate the language at all must often have felt the need; and must, we are sure, have been at a loss how to supply it. The partial works of Tittman and French, while valuable to the student of the New Testament, are altogether inadequate to the wants of one who would possess himself of the nice distinctions and carefully-shaded meanings in which the Dialogues of Plato, for instance, abound. We could wish that our teachers of Greek would give this treatise a place on their study-tables beside the grammar and lexicon. If not quite all that could be desired, it is yet the best work on the subject known to us.

WHITE'S *Arithmetics*² are to be reckoned among our best text-books in numbers. Their special features are: the constant combination of oral and written arithmetic; the concise statement of processes in formulas easy to remember; the formal exhibition of principles; and the postponing of both principles and rules to the very close of each subject. The inductive method is conscientiously followed. Mr. White's grammatical illustrations of Square and Cube Root are in some sort new, and, to our mind, better suited to the capacity of the young arithmetician than the algebraic methods found in some recent books. Per centage is fully treated, and the whole series is well calculated to make practical arithmeticians. The author's language is noticeable for its conciseness and correctness,—no unimportant point. Paper, print and illustrations are good.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS are doing good service to

² WHITE'S GRADED SCHOOL SERIES of *Arithmetics*. *Primary*, 144 pp., 16mo.; *Intermediate*, 192 pp., 16mo.; *Complete*, 320 pp., 12mo. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinckle & Co.

the cause of "Science for the Young," in their recent volume on "Heat," by Jacob Abbott. The book is well illustrated, and will give substantial instruction in the fundamental principles of its subject. It is written in narrative form, and will be found fascinating as well as profitable. The same house has just published Albert Barnes' "Notes on the Epistle to the Romans." Also, Dr. Smith's "Smaller Scripture History," and Miss Muloch's "Head of the Family," a novel. To their "Library of Select Novels" they have added "A Life's Assize," by Mrs. Riddell.

MESSRS. WILSON, HINKLE & CO., Educational Publishers, Cincinnati, have just issued "A Rhetorical Reader, for Class Drill and private instruction in Elocution," by Prof. Robert Kidd. This work has some new and interesting features, and is well worthy the attention of teachers and others.

THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION have issued a handy and useful pamphlet entitled, "Free Public Libraries:" suggestions on their foundation and administration, with a selected list of books.

THE TRUSTEES OF RUTGERS COLLEGE (New Brunswick, N. J.) have published a very handsome pamphlet of about a hundred pages, entitled "Centennial Celebration of Rutgers College, June 21, 1871, with an Historical Discourse, delivered by Hon. Joseph P. Bradley, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, U. S., and other Addresses and Proceedings. It is worthy of perusal and of preservation.

THE NEW ENGLANDER for April, contains: Winthrop and Emerson on Forefathers' Day; The Sign Language; Professor Fitch; A Long Range Shot; Richard Grant White on Words and their Uses; Yale College—some Thoughts respecting its Future; many notices of new books.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MICROSCOPY. The first number has just appeared. It is devoted to the education of scientific and popular microscopy. Dr. E. M. Hale, Editor. G. Mead & Co., Chicago, Publishers.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST, for May, is a good number. Its "Natural History Miscellany" is specially full and interesting. This Magazine is doing a good work in the cause of popular science.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Soule's Dictionary of Synonyms.

A Dictionary of English Synonyms, and Synonymous or Parallel Expressions; designed as a Practical Guide to Aptness and Variety of Phraseology.

By **RICHARD SOULE.**

CROWN, 8vo., CLOTH, \$2.00. 8vo., CLOTH, \$2.50.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price, by **LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston.**

Henry Carey Baird has, for many years, devoted himself exclusively to the publication of *Industrial Literature*, including *The Works of Dr. Carey on SOCIAL SCIENCE*. He has now a more extensive and more varied list of Books of this character than any other publisher in this country or Great Britain, so that it is almost impossible to demand a treatise on any leading industrial interest which he cannot supply. He has recently issued, *for gratuitous distribution*, for the advancement of a vital and important branch of education, which is daily attracting more and more attention—Prof. Trowbridge's Inaugural Address at the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College—"THE PROFESSION OF THE MECHANICAL OR DYNAMICAL ENGINEER." This paper, together with Mr. Baird's CATALOGUE OF PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC BOOKS, will be sent free of postage to any one who will send his address to **HENRY CAREY BAIRD, Industrial Publisher, 406 Walnut St., Philadelphia.**

Messrs. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia, among the very largest publishers in the country of educational text-books, have in preparation *Monroe's Series of School Readers*, in five books, profusely illustrated by the best artists, and to be issued in the best style of mechanical execution. Their editor, Prof. Lewis B. Monroe, is Superintendent of Physical and Vocal Culture in the Public Schools of Boston. *Vocal Gymnastics*, a new work on physical and vocal training, by the same author, has won the highest encomiums from such authorities as the Rev. Wm. R. Alger, Boston, and is in use in the schools of Philadelphia, Boston, and many other chief cities. *Hagar's Arithmetical Series*, by D. B. Hagar, Principal of the Massachusetts State Normal School, is in press. It comprises three numbers, and is handsomely illustrated. The two first books will be ready soon. *Warren's Geographies*, *Greene's Grammars*, *Potter & Hammond's Series of Penmanship*, and of *Book-Keeping*, and *Leache's Complete Spelling-Book*, are known favorites, and are sold in immense quantities.

J. A. Bancroft & Co., Philadelphia, have published *My First Drawing Book*, for Slate Exercises. No paper, lead pencil or rubber needed. A work long wanted for instruction in drawing on the slate, embracing straight and curved lines, capital and script letters, numerals, familiar objects, animals, etc., with full page of instruction opposite each plate, for pupil and teacher. Price, by mail, 40 cents. Liberal deduction for the supply of classes. *Step by Step; or, The Child's First Lesson Book*. A beautifully illustrated little work, consisting of graduated les-

sons from A, B, C, to spelling and reading. Price, sent per mail, pre-paid, 25 cents. *New School Mottoes*. The set consists of twelve handsome colored cards, containing twenty different and appropriate mottoes to be hung in the school room. They will be found an ornament as well as a valuable aid to the teacher. Per set, per mail, pre-paid, 75 cents.

Charles Desilver, 1229 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, supplies not only his own Books, but also the publications of all other houses, in books for the old, books for the young, books for clergymen, books for physicians, books for lawyers, books for teachers, books for merchants, books for mechanics, books for farmers, books for children, books for everybody, all the new books as soon as published.

Messrs. Porter & Coates, 822 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, have published *The Young American Speaker*, by J. R. Sypher; *The American Popular Speaker*, by J. R. Sypher; *The Comprehensive Speaker*, by H. T. Coates. Circulars, with prices and testimonials, will be mailed on application.

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This pamphlet, originally intended as a lecture, is published at the solicitation of the most earnest "Kindergarten" workers in the country.

Miss Peabody says of it: "It contains more of the philosophy of the 'Kindergarten,' than I thought could be put upon paper." Price, by mail, 10 cents.

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Horace B. Fuller, Publisher and Bookseller, 14 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass., enumerates a few of his late publications:—*Driven to Sea; Battles at Home; In the World; Sequel to Battles at Home; Morning Glories*, by Miss Alcott; *Dirigo Series*, 4 vols.; *Love on the Wing; Historic Americans*, by Theodore Parker; *Nature and Life*, vol. 2, by Robert Collyer, just published. He publishes "Merry's Museum," an Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. \$1.50 per year. Specimens 10 cents.

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NOAH WEBSTER'S EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

An Idea carried out to its Results.

An American Mental and Material Product.

UPON the breaking out of the War of the Revolution, Noah Webster, a young student just graduated from his classical and professional studies, and about to enter upon the practice of law, found the distracted state of the country precluded any hope of immediate success in that direction. As a temporary expedient, he resorted to the business of teaching, first in 1779, at Hartford, Ct., and then, in 1782, in Goshen, N.Y. Entering ardently into the spirit of the political revolution, and, later, upon the discussion in regard to the adoption of the new Constitution, to the furtherance of which he lent the aid of a vigorous pen—so efficiently indeed as to attract the attention of Hamilton, Jay, Wolcott, Pickering, and Washington himself—when engaging in the work of practical instruction, he found the text-books in use thoroughly imbued with sentiments and principles favoring monarchy and aristocracy in government, and hierarchy in Church. He was thus naturally led to desire that the minds of American youth, in the formative period, should be moulded by other influences. Hence the origin, first of the *American Spelling Book* (subsequently changed to the Elementary), and then of the *American Dictionary of the English Language*, and its several Abridgments. Of the Speller more than fifty million copies have been sold, and its present rate of production is about one million copies per annum. During the last year, one million and eighty-three thousand were made. During the year succeeding the war, one million five hundred and ninety-six thousand seven hundred and eighty were sold. More than fifty million American children have thus received their early intellectual training, and moral impressions, from this little manual. What other human teacher has had such a host of pupils? It may be mentioned that during the war, the South, whilst compelled to get along mainly without new supplies of books, except a few English Bibles and Prayer Books, run in through the blockade, found its need of Webster's Spelling Book so sore,

that a surreptitious edition was published in Macon, Ga., yet in quite a primitive style of mechanical execution, and wholly without the engravings; so that the "Milkmaid" and the "Boy who stole Apples" appeared without the pictorial representations.

It takes one hundred and ninety-four thousand seven hundred and eighteen pounds of paper to make one million Spellers; and hence fifty million requires nine million seven hundred and thirty-five thousand nine hundred pounds of paper—the amount actually used. The regular product of one million annually gives three thousand two hundred and five for each secular day, or, over five copies per minute, for the ten working hours of each day. And this rate of five copies per minute has continued for fifty years. No other book besides the Bible, it is believed, has ever had so large a sale. Fifty million copies, placed lengthwise in a continuous line, would make a row over ten thousand miles long. Dr. Webster supported himself and a large family, during the twenty or thirty years he was employed, in the preparation of his large Dictionary, mainly by a copyright of one cent or less on his Spelling Book.

A distinguished United States Senator once wrote, "Above all other people we are one, and above all books which have united us in the bond of a common language, I place the good old Spelling Book of Noah Webster. We have a unity of language which no other people possess, and we owe this unity above all else to Noah Webster's Yankee Spelling Book."

Forty years ago, Halleck, in describing the good people of Connecticut, speaks of their school-masters as,

"—wandering through the southern countries teaching

The A B C from Webster's Spelling Book,
Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
And gaining, by what they call 'hook and crook,'

And what the moralists call over-reaching;")

A decent living. The Virginians look
Upon them with as favorable eyes
As Gabriel on the devil in Paradise.

"But these are but their outcasts. View them near,

At home where all their worth and pride is placed,

And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
And there the lowliest farm-house hearth is graced

With manly hearts, in piety sincere,

Faithful in love, in honor stern and chaste,
In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave."

Dr. Webster's plan, which had its inception in the American Spelling Book, culminated in the Dictionary, "Webster's Unabridged." To its compilation and perfection Dr. Webster devoted thirty of the best years of his life. In the original preparation, he was largely aided by the labors of others.

It has undergone two revisions since his death, and full thirty years of earnest literary labor were expended upon the last one, more than five having been devoted, by an eminent European scholar, to the perfection of the Etymologies alone, rendering the work in this department now quite unrivaled. In the preparation and perfection of the larger work, and the several Abridgments, full one hundred years of diligent intellectual toil, it is believed, have been expended. The Unabridged is thought to be the largest single volume ever published, containing as much matter as six English Bibles. It is generally regarded as the Dictionary of highest authority in the language, and has a sale all over the civilized world. It is

regularly issued in London, and in English, as well as American Courts of Justice, considered as the leading authority as to meaning of words. In this particular—of precision and accuracy of definitions—Webster stands preëminent, and, as a whole, his work is of universally conceded superiority. Every English Lexicon that has appeared in England since the issue of Webster, borrows its definitions largely from him, and leading ones transcribe him almost entire. From this cause, preëminently, its sale is universal where the English tongue is spoken. Since the opening of Japan, over five hundred copies have gone to that country.

Of the ten Abridgments, most of them have been republished in England, and several have a very large sale there. One has on its title-page, "seventy-fifth thousand." Over sixty tons of paper are annually employed in the manufacture of the Abridgments in this country, aggregating 1,600,000 sheets of paper, which, spread out singly, would cover forty square miles. They are found in almost every school-house in the land. Two hundred to three hundred tons of paper are now used annually in the preparation of the Webster books, Speller included. A careful estimate gives the enormous quantity of 17,047,100 pounds of paper, as the quantity used in the manufacture of all the Webster books, from the commencement, or 8,523 tons. The volumes made from this must have been sufficient to form a pile of hardly less magnitude than the great pyramid of Egypt.

Unquestionably, more Webster's Dictionaries—the large work and several Abridgments included—are now sold annually, than of all other English Dictionaries together, reckoning as well Great Britain as the United States, and all English-speaking communities combined.

Over three hundred thousand sheep have been divested of their skins to cover these books.

At a fair estimate, one thousand persons are deriving their means of support from the manufacture and sale of these books at the present time, reckoning the preparation of the materials, and allowing the usual number of those dependent upon the labor of others. More than a quarter of a million of dollars have been paid to the family of Dr. Webster, since his death, as copyright upon his works.

Ten million Text-books are annually published in the United States, taking Webster as their general standard of orthography.

In the Government Printing Office at Washington, where all public documents are printed, and doing a business of one to two millions of dollars annually, may be seen conspicuously posted up, in different prominent places, for the guidance of the workmen, "FOLLOW WEBSTER," thus securing for his system a national recognition.

Few persons, who have not given the matter particular attention, are aware in how great a preponderance of cases the changes in orthography which Dr. Webster recommended have prevailed universally, compared with those not adopted, or in regard to which there is a diversity of usage. In Todd's Johnson's Dictionary, edited by Worcester, and published in the year preceding the appearance of Webster's large work, under the single letter A there are one hundred and twenty-one words, the termination of which is given as *ck*, as *Almanack*, *Angelick*, *Antick*, *Atheistick*, *Athletick*, etc., showing this to have been the general usage at that time. The omission of the *k* is now universal, as in *Music*, *Public*, *Antic*, etc. The same proportion runs through the other letters of the alphabet. So in regard to *favour*, *honour*, *neighbour*, etc., now given honor, etc.

Dr. Webster's thought of the preparation of an humble text-book, for common schools, American in its influence, appears to have had a full blossoming and an ample fruitage.—*New York Tribune*, December 31, 1870.